**The Best Fishing Day**

I yawn and nearly go back to sleep, but suddenly my eyes burst open and I feel ice- cold water running down my neck.

“Rise and shine!” my Dad calls.

“Ohhhh!” I squeak as the water reaches my back.

“Come on lazy bones,” my Dad sings again. “Time for fishing.”

Oh yes, I remember now. It’s our first day at Lake Tutuma. I scramble out of my duvet, jump into my clothes and spring down the stairs for my breakfast. I gobble down a piece of toast. Then I seize my tackle box and snatch my rod from its holder.

“Hurry up Mum and Dad,” I yell as I rush down to our shiny green Manson Launch boat that we won from a Lotto ticket. Then I shove my rod and tackle box into our silvery grey 4 wheel drive. Soon I hear footsteps banging down the concrete steps and Mum and Dad appear with their rods and tackle boxes. We clamber into the car and we’re off.

We arrive at the lake side and fling ourselves out. Dad unloads the boat into the water and starts the engine. Bruur! Brum! Brum! The water bubbles behind the propeller. We all change into our life jackets put our fishing gear into the boat and jump in after them. Dad revs the engine and soon we’re off riding the foamy white ripples of the water. Finally we slow gently to a halt. We cast our lines out and just sit there for awhile enjoying the peacefulness of the splashing waves that gently rock the boat.

Suddenly I feel a light tug on my line. That tug turns into an almighty heave. I yank it up and start reeling it in. I am so excited, but the fish is a bit too heavy so Dad helps me pull it in. When it reaches the boat we drag it up and pull it onto the deck. I was stunned. It was a huge grey trout with purple spots. It looked like it weighed about 11 to 12 pounds.

“This looks yummy,” Mum exclaimed.

Then Dad came along to bang it on the head to knock it out. The fish lay there still as a statue, then he cut it open and put it in the cool box.

About an hour later, we sped off home but the lake got a bit rough. I “accidentally” spewed up. (I bet the fish got a good meal)

When we got home, Mum barged through the door and zoomed over to the oven with the cold box in her arms. She quickly gutted the fish. (I have never seen anyone gut something so fast before) She was eager to cook the fish for dinner. She shoved it into the oven. About an hour later the fish was cooked. Mum served it with some lemon juice and carrots. Yum!

By Jessica